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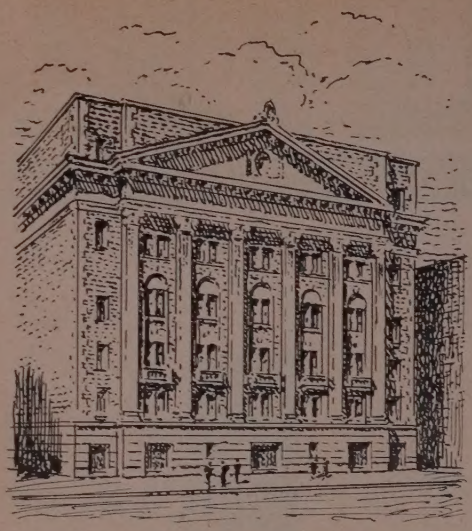
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

## *His Heart Is Here*

Though this be war, let us not leave
Unhollied doors nor trees unhung
In tinseled splendor, nor should we
Neglect those carols he has sung.
Ours is the duty to maintain
His home, and all traditions he
Held sacred, undefiled until
He's gained that total victory.
Though he, perforce, cannot enjoin
His voice with ours, nor lead the cheer,
I am convinced no matter where
He is tonight—his heart is HERE.



**THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO**

**Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road**

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

# Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

# The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

*Volume XXI* **December, 1944** *Number 9*


CHRISTMAS 1944 is different—so tragically different. None like it has ever been witnessed in history. Civilization is fighting for its very life; the passions of humanity are hot with hate—human life is held so cheap; international gangsters blast it as an engineer blasts mountains—millions of children, women and men are subjected to the "terrors that fly by night and the destruction that wasteth at noonday"—one half of the human race is bent on destroying the other half.

In the midst of such world misery you will not expect a "Merry" Christmas greeting. Yet there is a Christmas message. We venture the following: We wish you a Christmas filled with the joy of knowing that man's capacity for wickedness is more than matched by his capacity for nobility; that truth is mightier than error; that love is stronger than hate;—that Bethlehem's manger-child is the greatest conqueror of history; that peace still comes "on earth to men of good will."

Accept then our greetings for a Christmas full of hope and a New Year charged with faith.

Preston Bradley
Grace Thayer Bradley

# THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

## *in the*

# PEOPLE'S CHURCH

Friday Night, December 15th,
7:00 o'clock.
Annual Christmas Party of the Church School.
A fine program—A visit from Santa Claus—A present for every child.

Sunday Morning, December 17th, 11:00 o'clock. Dr. Bradley's Sunday Morning Sermon.
Subject: "Are You Ready For Christmas?"

Sunday Evening, December 17th, 7:30 o'clock. Annual Candle Light Service and Christmas Play. Candle Light Service by Children of the Church School.

Christmas Play—Dickens' "Christmas Carol," by The Uptown Players, with J. Bradley-Griffin, Director, as "Scrooge."

Wednesday Evening, December 20th, 8:00 o'clock and Thursday Evening, December 21st, 8:00 o'clock.
Candle Light Service and Christmas Play to be repeated both nights.

Sunday Morning, December 24th, 11:00 o'clock. Dr. Bradley's Christmas Sunday Sermon.
Subject: "When Angels Sing."

Sunday Evening, December 24th, 7:30 o'clock. Dramatic Recital by Dr. Bradley.
"The Other Wise Man," by Henry Van Dyke.

Christmas Morning, Monday, December 25th, 11:00 to 12:00. Annual Christmas Day Service. Dr. Bradley's Subject:
"Give the Christ Child a Chance."

New Year's Eve, Sunday Night, December 31st, 11:00 o'clock until Midnight. Annual Watch Night Service.

# THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

**941 Lawrence at Sheridan**
**33rd Year**

## SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE

**11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD**

## SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE

**7:30 o'clock—Not Broadcast (2,000 seats)**

✦ ✦ ✦

**Church School of Religious Education—Sunday, 9:30 A.M.**

✦ ✦ ✦

**Wednesday Evening Book Lectures—8:00 to 9:00**

✦ ✦ ✦

## Dr. Bradley's Book Lectures for December

Dec. 6—"THE GREEN YEARS"
by A. J. Cronin

Dec. 13—"EVERYBODY'S POLITICAL WHAT'S WHAT?"
by George Bernard Shaw

Dec. 20—DICKENS' "CHRISTMAS CAROL"
presented by The Uptown Players
J. Bradley-Griffin, Director, as "Scrooge"

Dec. 27—"A GREAT TIME TO BE ALIVE"
by Harry Emerson Fosdick

✦ ✦ ✦

## Hear Dr. Bradley's Broadcasts

WGN—6:00 P.M.—Monday Through Friday

(Each Wednesday a Book Review—Each Friday a Question Box)

WJJD—11:00 to 12:30—Every Sunday Morning

Announcing—A thirteen-weeks Series of Round-Table Broadcasts, "Liberal Religion on the Air," sponsored by the Chicago Unitarian Council.

Every Sunday at 1:45 p.m. over WAIT (820 on the dial) beginning December 3rd.

Sunday, Dec. 24th—Mr. William M. Stickney of the Peoples Church

Sunday, January 7th—Dr. Preston Bradley

Sunday, January 21st—Mr. John Powell, of the Peoples Church

# "HOW TO HANDLE CRITICISM"

**SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY,**

**Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago**

IS THERE anyone in the Church this morning, anywhere—on the main floor, or in the choirloft, or on the mezzanine, or up in the balcony, who has never made a mistake? If there is, will you please hold up your hand? Anywhere now, anywhere throughout the Church? Just hold up your hand, that I may see what a prevaricator looks like.

Well, because we have all made mistakes we have all been criticized, have we not? I don't think there is a person in the Church this morning, or anyone listening, who has not made a mistake and has not been criticized. Therefore, I thought it might be interesting and helpful to us all to talk over in a friendly sort of way what we ought do about criticism. None of us escape it; we all receive it, and the more active one is, and the more one does, and the more one stands for, and the more one tries to do, the more he or she will be criticized. It never decreases with activity; criticism always increases as you increase your activities, and the more you try to do and be in this world that is significant and helpful, the more you are going to be criticized.

Now, if we are not going to let this criticism that we all get interfere with the progression and development of our individual lives, what is the best thing to do about it? That is what we are going to try to find out today, and let me say once and for all, that everything I shall say is based on experience, for I am now right in the middle of my thirty-third year in this pulpit, standing right out in the front line trenches of Liberalism, and what a great many people think of as heresy. And I have had some critics, some good ones, and I have had some criticism, plenty of it, and I shall get plenty more, but I have developed a philosophy about how to handle criticism, and how to handle critics based on this experience, that I want to pass out to you because *I had to find a way, or a technique, by which criticism and critics COULD NOT ENTER THE INNER SANCTUARY OF MY LIFE.* I had to build a fortification where the critics and the criticism could come just so close and then meet a barred door, and never come closer. And anyone who holds to his ideals and who is unafraid and courageous with life must develop such a fortification, or the direct effect upon his own inner psychological self will demoralize him so completely that his critics will shout with glee and they will be glad and happy that they brought him to the dust. They will be happy that they have accomplished their purpose, for there is a destructive quality in criticism which, if you permit it to penetrate into the inner sanctity of your own self, will destroy you body and soul. That has been the danger right along from the critic and criticism, the danger of the devasting, demoralizing, devitalizing power of those who criticize you and who hate you.

Well now, there is no way to avoid criticism—well, there may be this way—though I am not even sure it could be avoided this way, but perhaps you

might avoid it if you do nothing, say nothing, be nothing. JUST BE NOTHING. No one will bother about you, no one will waste any time upon you at all, you will never be hurt, no one can ever say mean things about you, no one will ever lie about you, you will just float through life on a moonbeam, but I cannot imagine any person in the world more uninteresting. I can forgive anybody anything except being dull, and I can conceive of nothing in this world more irritating than the kind of person who stands for nothing, does nothing, thinks nothing, lives in a vacuum, is not pronounced in either likes or dislikes, agrees with the first and last person he talks with—just a piece of putty; and I don't like "putty" people, never have; and "putty" people are never important, they never do anything, never say anything; so if you don't want to be criticized it is very easy, but if you propose to say something, and to do something, and to be something in this world, you will get both barrels, and that's fine!

As I look back over my lifetime I have had more encouragement and more inspiration, in many particulars, from my critics than I have from my friends, because I am a little "ornery" —you might not think so just to look at me, most people built like me are not—but I am basically a little "ornery." I have a little bit of the Adamic original sin, and when they criticize, and condemn, and pass judgment, I am inclined to say, "Is that so? Well, now, I propose to demonstrate to you, my critic, that you are wrong! I am going to make my life count and you can criticize from the house tops, YOU CANNOT TOUCH ME!" I have had to say that ten million times, I guess, in my life. When I first came to this Church 32 years ago or more, there were preachers and people in Chicago who said: "Doctor Bradley will not last six months," and when I heard that I would not last six months I said: "We'll see about that." Then I stayed six years, and somebody said: "Well, he will not last another year," and I said: "We'll see about that." The Lord and I got busy together cooperating, and during these thirty years or more I have seen them all come and go in a constant procession; come in with a big flareup, all sorts of advertisements, of music, of bands, and Hollywood glamour, red neckties, and Bobby socks, and going to just sweep the world, and it all petered out. I said, "Quietly, consistently, reverently, I am going right on doing what I believe is right, thinking to the best of my limitations, loving people, helping people, helping the poor, the aged, just going on trying to make life a little better, and let the critics howl." They are still howling and I have got to keep them busy.

Do you know the one thing you must do with your critics? Don't let them run out of material, because if you do they become rather incompetent and inefficient. The only thing in the world to do to your critics is to keep them busy: *THE BUSIER THEY ARE, THE BIGGER YOU ARE!* I don't want my critics to ever let up. Why, when my mail lets up . . . and they do not write and tell me how to do it, what I should do, and what I should not do, what I should say, and why I should not say this and that, and all the rest of it, then I get worried. You remember an ancient voice that said: "Beware, beware, when all people speak well of you!" That is when you are in danger. So, I want to keep them busy. I will get some this week, and it is so helpful. I am trying to be helpful this morning to people who are suffering the penalty

of doing and saying and being something in this world. What is the psychological basis of 90% of the critics? I will leave myself out for a while and let you in. I think I know that too. The psychological basis for 90% of the criticism that people give to one another can be analyzed down to the basis of jealousy and envy. You just try it. Jealousy and envy. You let a man in business build slowly and faithfully and sacrifice, and have managerial and executive capacity and maybe work hard, hard, to build up a fine business, and the critics begin to attack and accuse him, and 90% of it is envy and jealousy. You let a young man start out lowly and humbly and see him move up rung after rung on the ladder of life until he stands with achievement and honor and distinction, and the little folks, the *little* folks, with little minds and little hearts stand at the foot of the ladder of life, like the little barking, snapping dogs, and shout up at him. Envy and jealousy! And it goes through the whole pattern of life.

I am so grateful, and this is a personal testimony in this moment, and I say it humbly, that so far as I can analyze myself, I have not one particle of jealousy in my heart when I see someone else succeed. Nothing thrills me like seeing another succeed! When I see a young minister starting out in this work, as I have seen them during these years in various Chicago churches, and I see these young ministers, and young rabbis, and young priests (I have known them all), and I see them grow and develop and become increasingly important and significant in the life of the city, and people come to me and say: "Doctor Bradley, have you ever heard So-and-So? O, he is fine, he is wonderful!" Then I glory in my heart, I am glad, glad to see someone else win. Are you?

Are you glad in your Club when you see a woman advance in her activities and work? Are you glad in your Lodge, in your business, when someone who came into your lodge or business and started in a lowly and humble way, gradually, by merit, works up, up, until they become increasingly important in that business? Are you glad when you see somebody going through life growing, growing, growing, advancing, progressing, developing? Are you glad, or deep down in your heart somewhere do the little devouring voices of jealousy and envy begin their work so that surreptitiously you become a force for the destruction of that person's life? It is a terrible thing to be a contributing factor in the destruction of another person's life. To have done, to have said anything that would help destroy and tear down the life of another is the most tragic thing in the world! *If you cannot say something good, remain silent,* it is not necessary for you to say anything bad.

That was an attribute drilled into me by the finest man I ever knew, my father; my father, who never went to school a day after he was fourteen; my father, who pounded iron at a blacksmith's forge for nearly sixty years of his life; my father, who sat in this sanctuary on the Dedication Sunday of this Church; my father; and the loveliest and finest and best thing I can say about my father right here, is that I never heard my father tear down and criticize another person in his whole life. Never! I have been a part of conversations when it flew thick and fast, and I would look out of the corners of my eyes at Dad, and he would be sort of looking up around the ceiling. Not a word, and I would know that father was trying to get in a good word for that person. I will admit

with some people it is difficult to find anything good to say. That is why I never could understand why they would expect immortality.

I have known people who never did anything but clutter up this earth with meanness and yet when they died they expected to go to heaven. Why, they would turn heaven into hell no matter what the climate of the place was, they would just criticize and be in the way, just as they were barriers and obstacles all through life, always against everything. The kind of people who look at you and say: "Well, I don't think we had better try that, it has never been done before." The kind of people who always have a criticism, a negative reaction, always negative. What are they going to do in heaven? They are going to be miserable! Heaven is so perfect there will be nothing to find fault with, and if there is nothing to find fault with they are just going to be in hell. So you see we make our own heaven and our own hell, don't we? And you can turn heaven into hell, and the converse is true, you can turn hell into heaven, for I have known people who did, for they were that kind of people . . . And I would look at Dad and he would be having an awful time when someone was being—to use the vernacular of the street—"panned" pretty hard, and Dad would be looking around, and I could see him squirm a little, then pretty soon he would say: "Well, you know we have all got our faults." That was the end of it. "We have all got our faults."

Of course we have, so how much happier and more beautiful the world would be if you and I, and all of us, would spend more time telling each other about the good things we know, and about the good things of life. Some of us would be much happier, and life would be much more beautiful. Everything, without exception, that has been of any value in this world anywhere, at any time, has had to fight its way over opposition, criticism and attack. The little seed, carrying the germs of the giant oak, when first awakening to life has to break the shell of the acorn. So do we all. There is resistance, there is opposition. That is necessary. Every great man, every great idea, everything which has been of value to this world, every achievement made, has all been accomplished through opposition and criticism and attack. But O, the appalling, haunting memories that sometimes crowd our lives because of the unnecessary things we have said and we have done with our lives.

I don't know whether you remember a song which was popular once and which I used to sing, but like everything that is popular it did not live. The words of it are something like this —I have not thought of it for years:

They talk about the President, and he's at the head of the land. They talk about the kings and queens, why, they talk about the preacherman. So you needn't try to worry me, for they'll talk about you anyhow. Why if you only try to live, they'll talk about you somehow.

Just rise above it; enter the little sanctuary of your own life. Know that you are right and honest and true. Do the best that you can. Face life unafraid. Let the critics howl. *NO ONE CAN FINALLY DEFEAT YOU BUT YOURSELF!* And if you are right, remember Lincoln's statement: "Gentlemen, if I am right a thousand angels swearing I am wrong would make no difference; if I am wrong, a thousand angels swearing I am right would make no difference." Be sure you are right, then go straight forward; nothing can stop you.

# Taken From Dr. Bradley's Latest Book "My Daily Strength"

THE HIGHWAY TO THE STARS!

What was the message of Jesus? What was the desire which grew out of his deep sensitiveness and fundamental love of all humanity?

He gave evidence of his inclusiveness once when he uttered that magnificent statement: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

*Dear Heart of Love, may those who are so unhappy, so insecure and in such turmoil, be made to see that their lives will never be the beautiful experience they might be, in life's highest unity, as long as they are trying to find their solution in things that only add confusion to confusion. May they cease trying to run away from life, burying themselves in intoxication and stimulus and self deception. May they find the higher altitudes of life.*

*May they see that self is killing them. Make them realize the great power and the beauty of life, which might be theirs.*

*Let the blessing of love stop the turmoil of their lives, stop the confusion of their minds, and may they pause, quietly just a moment, and give the Infinite an opportunity for life. O, may they find the highway to the stars!*

# CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Invite Your Friends to The Peoples Church

# Annual Watch Night Service

# December 31, 1944

11:00 o'clock until midnight

# The Liberalist

**FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER**

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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## EDITORIAL

IT IS always easy to get the attention of the public through some spectacular or dramatic appeal. It seems that we are so constituted that we have to be aroused and awakened by some unusual condition or circumstance. It takes a V-1 and a V-2 and perhaps a V-3 and 4 to bring sharply and acutely to the attention of the people what the destruction of life and property really means. It is much more difficult to get the people to think and to arouse the attention of the people on the less spectacular problems, but none-the-less important;—in fact, sometimes more important than merely fighting equipment. The public will remain unconcerned, uninformed and tragically ignorant of the fundamental causes by which war comes upon them.

William A. Lydgate, editor of the American Institute of Public Opinion, is authority for the fact that out of 3,000 questions asked three million people, representing a true cross-section of our population, one-third of the people had no clear idea of what a tariff is; two-thirds did not know that we have been receiving REVERSE lend-lease goods from Britain—only one person in five knows what is meant by a subsidy and only one person in twelve knew what a cartel was.

How many have really studied the Dumbarton Oaks conference? How many have really studied the economic conference at Rye, New Hampshire, which has just closed? How much do we know about the Kilgore Committee on cartels and national security, the committee composed of U. S. Senators who have given careful thought and consideration to this whole matter of cartels. And yet you couldn't get a Corporal's Guard to hear a lecture or a talk on cartels or Dumbarton Oaks or the Rye, New Hampshire, conference; but you can get 100,000 people to hear someone sing "Is You Is, or Is You Ain't?" This is one of the reasons why at times I feel a little discouraged about people, when, in spite of all the sacrifices they are making and in spite of what their own youth are doing for them, they refuse to be sufficiently informed and to understand what real problems are and what real issues are, instead of so much froth and bubble and artificially stimulated enthusiasm, all of which is as ephemeral as dew on a morning flower.

A wrong attitude on cartels by the

nations of the world is just as deadly as any mysterious weapon of the Nazis and, just as certain as night follows day, would bring on another war. You can get rid of Hitler and all of his associates. You can eliminate a million of the Nazi underdogs of Germany. You can get a complete military victory over Germany and Japan, and if the cartel system remains, and the German industrialists are given an opportunity at them, there will be another war just as surely as there is a moon in the sky. These cartels are a German invention. They are more deadly than rocket bombs, yet few people seem to know anything about them. They are great trusts and monopolies that combine industries in many countries for the purpose of controlling the manufacture and distribution of much-needed articles of trade. They banish competition by secret understanding concerning prices and patents, and then they get together and parcel out the world markets to those on the inside. Before this war, corporations and citizens in other countries associated with German cartels, had an economic allegiance to the cartel which rose far above and was much higher than any political allegiance to their own countries and their own governments. The Kilgore Committee reports that German industrialists in the cartel racket, manipulated their needs so cleverly that Hitler got exactly what he wanted in heavy armament. When they were ready for this war they were ready with heavy munitions and armament, and they knew how they got them. And now this same group is looking into a future after the political and military collapse of Hitler's Germany, and if they are permitted to repeat the operation of cartels with the rest of the world, you will have another war without the shadow of a doubt. That's what the Rye conference was about, with 51 United Nations attending. And that's why some of the other nations do not like our attitude on cartels. And that's why it will be necessary in the interests of peace that the Kilgore report, which wants direct munitions industries of Germany dismantled and wants the chemical and metal industries dismantled and moved out of Germany to the devastated areas of Europe, and to let France, and Poland and Czecho-Slovakia be the beneficiaries—that is why this Kilgore report should be publicized and understood. Why should the German industrialists, with their cartels, be permitted to ever again build up an industrial and economic situation that finds itself outlawed only in war? The Kilgore report answers all the arguments in these words: "Any proposal which would vest in private monopolies the power to make international, economic agreements, must be considered the antithesis of genuine democracy and international cooperation. It would permit the economy of nations to be subverted by groups who are responsible to no public school. It would advance us far along the road to economic restriction and war. A cartel system dominated by American or British interests would eventually produce the same undesirable results as the one exploited by the Germans. It would jeopardize peace and jobs in the post-war world and soon bring us face to face with the possibility of a third, even more destructive, world war."

Anyone can see clearly that the necessary economic technique which has brought the United Nations thus far along the way toward victory was attained by junking the cartel methods of foreign trade. This must be, in the interest of a permanent world peace, the future policy—as well as the policy of an emergency. If we go back to this old system of international monopolies and trusts, having private and secret

understandings and agreements, it will be a sad day for peace. If people are more loyal to the almighty dollar and the principle of personal profit than to the best interests of their nation and their youth, then it is time to call a halt.

I wish there were some way to present the real facts and truth of this whole cartel system so the people would know what it is and how it works. If they did, there would be such a wave of public opinion, that those behind the scenes who are toying with the idea of preserving the cartel system would take fright. There are deep economic and industrial backgrounds to every war, and with the example before us all of this war, surely we should be intelligent enough and courageous enough and informed sufficiently that we would refuse to participate in any system which might ultimately lead to the monstrosity and destroyer which is war.

# BOOK CHATS

ONCE in awhile a book comes my way which seems so adequate and satisfactory that it gives the solution of a problem which has concerned me for a long time. More and more, as the armies of the Allies, mile by mile get nearer to the boundaries of the Third Reich on the east and south, and creep on German soil in the west, there is made available to us by participants and correspondents, certain facts and conditions which, as long as it was Hitler's Europe, were denied us. We will have much inside information in the coming few weeks about France and Poland and Denmark, Norway and the Balkans, which up until now has been denied us. An example of what I mean is the book entitled "Twilight of the Gladiators." It is an authoritative, interesting story of Italy from the inside, from 1939 to 1943. Many problems and not a little confusion have existed in some of our minds about Italy. We know the heart of the Italian people was never in the war on the side of Germany. We know the traditional good will and association which existed between Great Britain and Italy, and we know how Britain assisted Italy in the Italian war for independence under Garibaldi. We know the friendly relations that have always existed between Italy and the United States, but we also know the place and influence of Mussolini and his theory of Fascism—which completely upset every tradition and finally brought Italy on the side of Hitler—and the rest is well known to us all. But the why and the wherefore, and the reason for a nation like Italy, with its art, its culture, its beauty, to go the way in which Mussolini led it, will probably always remain one of history's enigmas.

The author of the book "Twilight of the Gladiators" is Frank Heller, who for nearly 40 years has gone about Europe as few travellers have, and knows, as few people know, the peoples of Europe, in a very exhaustive and analytical way. Mr. Heller is a distinguished Swedish novelist and he has retained the qualities of literary distinction in this book. Those of us who are the products of our own development as a nation find it difficult to understand and to explain how a people as old and as fine as the Italian

people could ever follow Mussolini as they did follow him. Not all Italians did, of course. There have been many scholars and philosophers and statesmen and teachers of Italy who broke with the sawdust Caesar very early. Some of them have been here in America and have written and lectured and taught among us, to the better understanding of the Italian picture. And now, for the first time, we are given a portrait of Italy from the inside during these fated and final years of Fascism, and this portrait is painted by one who speaks with authority because of personal experience and who writes with all of the charm and distinction of a great author and a fine journalist. Not only does he know the traditions and the history of Italy, and not only is he familiar with the politicians and the military leaders and the diplomats, but he goes way back of these to the people themselves, the little shop-keepers, the farmers, the factory workers, artisans, lawyers, doctors, office-workers, simple peasants of the fields and gardens, and he understands these people. And he is able to do what, it seems to me must be done in every case with all the peoples of Europe and with every nation, big or small, and that is, relate the people to the larger canvas and pattern. It is important that each of us know just as much as we can about the real people in all the countries and nations of this world. The more we know of their past, their longings, their mistakes, their troubles, their desires, their plans, the better will we be able to create that public opinion as to what should be done when the hour dawns for doing it.

This is a picture of the tragedy of the Italian people, created by their gangster Fascists. Here is Italian Fascism in all of its rawness and brutality and as seen by the Italian people. It ante-dated Nazism as you know, and then Nazism finally absorbed Fascism until Mussolini is little more than a puppet prisoner of the Beast of Berlin. He portrays how the well-known instincts for drama and pageantry of the Italian people were utilized by the Fascists, who dramatized with all the pomp and show of which they were capable the Fascist fallacies and lies, until a disillusionment settled down upon the people themselves. There seems to be an effort to find a way out, from one political situation to another, always fearful that the last may be worse than the one they have. Italy has been much of an enigma. Some of us who always admired Italy for her contribution to the culture and stability of civilization could not understand these years. We can understand them better now, and if you were to read "Twilight of the Gladiators," which by the way is a little book of only 146 pages, you, too, would realize the struggles of a great people and the problems which they still face and which are so important. There are many questions which no one can answer at the moment, and as the author says, "One who from the hour he saw it loved Italy with an inextinguishable love can only send up a fervent prayer for its well-being. His thoughts go to shimmering Venice, to magnificent Florence, to eternal Rome; to the fields where the naked peasants work in the summer heat, to the oxen's powerful lyre-curved horns, to the flute-playing in the hills, to the scents of thyme and rosemary, to the women's great motherliness which is that of Magna Dea herself. . . . to the radiant smiles of poor children which they keep through life and until they die. This lover of Italy knows that this people deserve compassion, for they are as sheep which seek a shepherd. And he wishes from his deepest heart that this beautiful and poor land, with its good and diligent

people, may be saved from the worst terrors and then gradually find a form of social life and of government that will correspond to its great contributions to the progress of man and the progress of culture." And while I write this, there are many American teachers, leaders, with only well-being in their hearts, who are in Italy, building, I hope, a friendship between us and helping the damaged and broken Italians to rehabilitate their own structure, that Italy may regain permanently her place among the fine and the good nations, which her own history and her own past predicate is the place where she belongs.

* * *

In these Book Chats, I try to select for discussion the best of the most recent books. I do not discuss usually books that are already well established before the reading public, but I like to use this opportunity of bringing to the attention of my readers important books which may not have received the recognition or be as well known as some of those on the best-seller lists. Many a good book, indeed many a great book, never makes the best-seller lists, and the mere fact that a book is on the best-seller lists does not necessarily indicate that the book is a great book or an enduring book. The book I now write about was published but a few weeks ago, but before many weeks have gone by I am confident you will hear more about it. The book is entitled "Now With the Morning Star," and the author is Thomas Kernan.

Thomas Kernan was born in Virginia and educated at Georgetown University. He was an executive of Condé Nast and Co. and served in various capacities until 1937, when he went to France as Managing Director of the French Nast interests. He was in France during the Nazi invasion and remained in Paris during the first seven months of the German occupation. He returned to America and wrote the successful book entitled "France on Berlin Time." He then returned to unoccupied France, was arrested in Marseilles in November, 1942. He was interned at Baden-Baden, Germany. He was later exchanged and returned to America on the S. S. Gripsholm last March. After spending three months in America, the latter part of June he returned to Europe on a government mission.

One of the many interesting things about his book, "Now With The Morning Star," is that so far as I know it is the only book in English written in a German internment camp. The novel was written in November, 1943, at Baden-Baden, and was completed the following March. In order that the author might get the manuscript out of Germany in safety, the first draft of the novel was given a Spanish background. As it developed this was a needless precaution, since he was able to leave the prison camp under diplomatic immunity. Besides the present book, "Now With The Morning Star," and his earlier book, Mr. Kernan has also written many articles on life in Germany during wartime for the Saturday Evening Post. As a novel it is good reading, a most interesting story; but its chief claim to distinction is not these things; rather, its value is in giving us an understanding of the environment in which it is placed, and the contribution which it makes to our knowledge of what the Nazis did and why.

It is the story of Andreas Hoffman, who was Brother Nicholas in the monastery of Maria-Morgenstern in the Black Forest of Germany, and what happened to Andreas when the Nazis' falsified charges dissolved the ancient monastery, thrust its occupants out into the strange and hostile world and confiscated its buildings and lands for their

own use. Andreas Hoffman was a jack-of-all-trades in the monastery—a craftsman with many skills. He was carpenter, bookbinder, worker in metals. But his hands and his simple, direct mind were not in tune with the frenzied Nazi regimentation, so he lost one job after another and finally, almost penniless, sought out the former Abbot of the monastery, asked for help to get back to his childhood home near the Swiss border. Andreas' plea was an answer to prayer for the Abbot. The church, prevented by Nazi censorship from telling the outside world of its plight, could get news out and help in, only by smuggling. Andreas' home was near the Swiss border, he knew the mountain paths and could be trusted. So for many weeks Andreas tended the cattle for a mountain-side sanitarium and, when the word came, slipped past the watchful border patrols to a secret rendezvous where he left messages and received money for the hard-pressed hospitals and charities. But on the very day that the Nazis marched against Poland he was caught, and eventually sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in a labor camp. Andreas and his fellow prisoners arrived at the labor camp after dark. They did not know where they had been taken, and though the gaunt stone walls of their barracks seemed strangely familiar to Andreas, it was not until daylight that he knew where he was. He had been returned to the former monastery of Maria-Morgenstern, transformed into a labor camp by the Nazi despoilers. Then there began a strange new life for Andreas, and here the author does some of the finest writing in the book. It was like coming home but with a terrible difference. Little by little, working as he had done in the old days, Andreas made himself increasingly useful to the commandant of the camp. At last he was allowed to occupy his old cell, with its precious and still workable lathe—and with the barred window which only Andreas knew could be broken open in a moment. Then the war came closer to the monastery, the flames of bombed Stuttgart reddened the sky. Airplanes fought overhead, and Andreas thought of escape—but he did not go; and in his decision to remain lies the core of this simply told, frequently exciting and profoundly moving story. As a portrait of a strong, sturdy soul it will be long remembered. Its vivid picture of life in wartime-Germany is convincing and veracious. In the days which are to come, and as the rehabilitation and reconstruction of Europe takes place—and it will—stories like this, written with skill, accuracy and brilliance, will long remain as impressive reminders of what happens when fanatics and maniacs and cruel people get into power and destroy ruthlessly the most beautiful and sacred things. As I said in my lecture at the Chicagoan, to the Friends of Literature the other evening, a great novel need not necessarily have a great plot. There have been great novels without great plots, but there cannot be a great novel without great characterization and a great theme. "Now With The Morning Star," by Thomas Kernan has all three—a great plot—great characterization—and a great theme; and the message of the book is one that this world needs to remember and remember always.

# Let's All Meet for Dinner at the Bazaar!

## *Then We'll Do Our Christmas Shopping!*

Sounds simple, doesn't it? And so it is! Have the family all meet at the Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, for 6:00 o'clock dinner in Anderson Hall. Then at 8:00 o'clock the tables will be cleared away, and there you are! Booths lining every wall, displaying all manner of attractive merchandise, for children, for men, for women and for the household too. A dozen booths and a dozen-dozen varieties.

## *The Dates—*

## December 7th and 8th

### *All Day and Evening*

**Luncheon served at 11:00 o'clock—35 cents.**

**Dinner served at 6:00 o'clock and until 8:00 o'clock—$1.25**

If you haven't yet brought your Bazaar donation, bring it Dec. 7th or 8th!

But if you still have time, bring it to the Donation Tea, December 4th, from 1:00 o'clock on, in Anderson Hall. Mrs. Preston Bradley, Hostess. An excellent program, presenting Reynold Leiva, concert violinist, J. Bradley-Griffin, dramatic recitalist, and other artists! Your gift is your admission!

*Until the Bazaar!!!*

# The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

BY THE time this column is being read Christmas will be close at hand. "Christmas again!" we say with a suppressed sigh following the slight exclamation. We do not say it with any feeling of enjoyment, as in the yesterdays when we held happy anticipation of the holiday season. I've heard some people say lately that they "just can't celebrate this Christmas—another war-Christmas"——Christmas has nothing to do with war—remember, Christmas is in commemoration of the birth of the Christ child. The Christmas tree—the brilliant, jewel-like trimmings—the star—the shepherds—the feasting and singing of special songs—the lovely custom of gifts to one's loved ones and friends—all of this is symbolic.

When I heard a friend say she couldn't think of another Christmas without her boy home, my heart sincerely sympathized with her, but this thought came to me:—Your husband, your son, brother, friend, whoever the dear one may be who is "over there"—on a battlefield, on a ship, in the air,—somewhere, on Christmas, he will be thinking of home. Even though he is homesick, he is for the time being lost in thought of other Christmas days, and he is enjoying the memory of them. In his imagination he sees the familiar scene, the loved faces, the Christmas tree, shedding an almost hallowed light over the room, the group around the piano in the evening singing songs,—the fun and light laughter, the gifts and tissue paper and bright ribbons, strewn in beautiful disorder all about the usually orderly room—it is so clear in his imagination as he glances at his wristwatch, making allowance for difference in time—he feels he is really there. He knows what you will be doing every minute as the day passes. It never occurs to him there could be any change at home—why, it's Christmas!

Will you let him down? Would you have him know that you can't bear to see a Christmas tree,—that you don't want any lovely red candles lighted on the mantle shelf or in the window? That no songs will be sung, because he is not there to join in? He would be far more lonely and sad if he knew there was no Christmas spirit at home. Rest assured, wherever he is his heart is with you; and so, in a certain sense *he is with you!*

There is a wise old proverb that tells us "The only things you take with you when you die are the things you have given in love or kindness to others." Thus we can all afford to *give* even without spending a cent! And it is not what we give but what we share that brings true happiness. In this spirit and in all sincerity may I wish you a Happy Christmas!

* * *

In the Mail Bag there are a number of very special letters. Space forbids my use of too many—it is hard to choose! Thinking of "our boys" at this particular time, I think letters from two of them whose names appear on our Honor Roll will be of interest to everyone. First, here is one from Ger-

hard Wegner, written from the Mariana Islands. We appreciate this descriptive, well written letter. It was fine of him to give us so much of his time:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: For a while I have had to keep a correspondence silence, because about a month ago my battalion left Pearl Harbor. After a very beautiful sea voyage, taking my outfit via the Marshall Islands to this island, a 'member' of the Mariana Group, we finally settled down in a rather rough site, chosen as the new 136th Camp. When we got here a few days ago this was only a ground of land, coral covered, with palm trees and tropical bushes. Tonight it's a bustling camp, with quonset huts and tents. At first everybody, men and officers, had to live in pup-tents, a rather messy and crowded affair. Last night, however, our construction speedsters finished up sufficient construction of quonset huts to house most of the boys. Without doubt, this is the quickest bit of construction I have ever seen, possibly will ever see. Immediately upon arriving here, the whole Battalion went on a 12-hour day: i.e., Reveille 0400, Chow 0415, Work Call 0500, Noon Chow 1030, Rest (noon) 1100, Work Call 1130, Work Recall (evening) 1700 (5:00 p.m. landlubber time); thereafter Chow, Taps 2100 (9:00 p.m.). Chow is composed of "C" Army and Navy rations and the cold "K" rations. The work day is long and hard, yet time passes fast when you have a lot of work to do. Sleep at nights is automatic. You are so tired from the long grind, regardless of whether you do inside or outside work! For a couple of days, before the Personnel Office was set up, I worked outside on construction. It was very nice and interesting. Later on, when we are caught up, I shall try to take more such 'vacations.' It's the old story. For the inside man, some outside work is fun, while the outside man would gladly take some work inside for a change. Even though we are here only a short time, all of the usual camp activities, e.g., barbershop, ship's service, etc., are in operation. A movie theatre will be built sometime next week. The construction work is done as soon as the drafting and surveying is completed. The different stages of work almost overlap. No time is lost. This is about the most drastic contrast to WPA I have seen yet. It's really terrific!

"The sea voyage was one of the pleasantest couple of weeks I have spent. On my North Sea crossings, when I was still a citizen of Germany, I was usually seasick. I don't know why, but for some reason or other, I have not been sick since entering the Navy, even though several days of both crossings of the Pacific (U. S. to Hawaii and this voyage) had been rather rough. It was an unforgettable trip. About a week after leaving Pearl Harbor, we stopped at Eniwetok, a U. S. base in the Marshalls. What a sight! The island was shell-torn, the palm trees beheaded, dead. That base must have taken a terrific pasting before we invaded it. It looks as if a terrific hurricane swept through that area, leaving utter desolation in its wake. Now the only signs of civilization there are new installations. After another week of travel, we arrived here. Almost all of the houses in the towns here were heaps of rubble, everything was ruined, although most of the plant life had recovered from the vicious fighting that took place here only a short time ago. Even though the Marianas were conquered much later than the Marshalls, this group looks much better now.

"In this region the tail-end of the rainy season is 'exerting' itself at present. Once in a while the hot sun is

clouded by heavy mist and low level rain squalls. When it rains, water comes down in torrents, short but heavy. The nice thing is that you can see the squalls coming. Just as in the Hawaiian Islands, you have wind only from one direction; thus all of the buildings can be so constructed that we get adequate protection from the 'heavenly waters.'

"Well, so much for the synopsis of my recent adventures. It's late, taps will be blown in 20 minutes, so I'll have to finish for the night. Good night and best regards, also to Mrs. Bradley and the other Peoples Church members."

* * *

The next letter is from Arthur Williams, who has grown up in the church. Isn't it thoughtful and extremely nice of him to send something to the Bazaar? I hope it arrives in time (?) but if not, we will display the picture of his gifts, and I'm sure they will sell!

Sunday 5 November, 1944, Italy.

Dear Dr. Bradley:

"About a month ago I wrote you telling about a package that I was sending to you for this year's Church Bazaar, which is being held on December 7th and 8th. I also told you of a couple of pictures that I took of the miniature bird baths which the package contained. The reason for my taking the pictures was in case the package didn't get to you in time for the bazaar I could at least get the picture to you before that, and you could sell the bird baths on the strength of the pictures. Sorry these pictures do not show more detail, but it's the best I could do with the camera I then had. These bird baths are made of alabaster and I bought them in Florence, better known over here as Firenze. The other picture is a more recent one of myself, which was more or less an experiment with a new camera that Mother and Dad sent me. I assure you though that I'll smile on the next picture I send you.

"While reading Mrs. Bradley's introduction to her Mail Bag column in the September, 1944 Liberalist, I was so wrapped up in her story of your dog 'Gah-Gah,' for years ago we too owned a beautiful black German shepherd dog which I'll never forget. Upon finishing Mrs. Bradley's story of Gah-Gah I was sure sorry to learn that I won't be able to see him. I know that you must have pictures of him and that is one of the many things I'm looking forward to seeing when I get back home again.

"Tonight, about ten minutes after our Sunday evening church service started, we had an emergency 'blackout' and about two minutes later our Chaplain's aid, who is also an organist, started to play in the darkness of our chapel.

"I don't know if you have ever seen one of these G.I. portable organs, but they have a keyboard which is only about two feet long, and the organist practically made this little organ talk. After he played a few hymns, the chaplain asked for a few prayers from the congregation, and do you know, Dr. Bradley, this was one of the best and most wonderful services I've had the good fortune to attend and I'll never forget it. I can't bring him to you in person, so I should like to introduce our Chaplain to you via this letter:—'Dr. Bradley; meet Chaplain Carraway.'

" 'Dear Dr. Bradley:—Quite a privilege, I assure you, to even meet you in this way. You see, Arthur brings me his letters to censor. I appreciate him very much. I was conducting the service mentioned above and I am enjoying the Chaplaincy. A. C. Carraway.' Yours for America, Arthur J. Williams."

(The church office informs us that the package which Arthur mentioned above has arrived.)

* * *

I think this will be all for this time, as these letters are quite long. A prayer and a greeting we send across the miles for all "our boys and girls" wherever they may be! And to our friends everywhere! May the Spirit of Christmas shine in your hearts and God bless you, every one!

We are facing Victory! So—
KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

# DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

**October 15th to November 15th**

**OCTOBER**

15—Morning Service. Peoples Church. Sermon. Forest Pk. Presby. Church.

16—Radio Address. WGN.

17—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. P.T.A. Cleveland Public School.

18—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. B'nai Brith. Albany Park Masonic Temple.

19—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Friends of Literature.

20—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. American Institute of Banking. Kimball Hall.

22—Morning Service. Peoples Church. Sermon. Marion Ave. Baptist Church, Aurora, Ill.

23—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Men's Club. Peoples Church.

24—Radio Address. WGN.
Annual Address. North Shore Kiwanis Club. Edgewater Beach Hotel.

25—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Kiwanis Club. Columbia Hotel, Kalamazoo, Mich.

26—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Anniversary, 1st Congregational Church, Blue Island, Ill.

27—Radio Address. WGN.
Cutting record for transcription.
Address. Sportsman's Dinner, Hotel LaSalle.

29—Morning Service. Peoples Church. Sermon. First M. E. Church, Libertyville, Ill.

30—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. P.T.A., West Bend, Wis.

31—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Kiwanis International. Governor's Conference. Medinah Club.

**NOVEMBER**

1—Radio Address. WGN.
Opening Lecture of 12th Book Lecture Season. Peoples Church.

2—Radio Address. WGN.

3—Radio Address. WGN.
Two Addresses. Vaughan General Hospital.
Address Emerson St. YMCA, Evanston, Ill.

5—Morning Service. Peoples Church.
Opening Evening Service of the 19th Year of Evening Services, Peoples Church.

6—Radio Address. WGN.

7—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Kankakee Lodge A.F. & A.M., Kankakee, Ill.

8—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

9—Radio Address. WGN.
Chicago Public Library Board Meeting.
Address. Natl. Education Week, Lincoln School, Kenosha, Wis.

10—Radio Address. WGN.
Attendance at Meeting Chicago Council Against Racial Discrimination.
Address. P.T.A. Harper High School
12—Two Services. Peoples Church.
13—Radio Address. WGN.
Chicago Public Library Board Meeting.
Address. Church School Dinner. Peoples Church.
14—Radio Address. WGN.

## *CHRISTENINGS*

**OCTOBER**

15—Charles Merigold Metzgar, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold D. Metzgar.
22—Stephen Leslie Dodge, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Dodge.
29—Gayle Rita Franknecht, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jack T. Francknecht.

**NOVEMBER**

12—Louise Camille Leonhard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dietrich Leonhard.
Shirley Elaine Sexton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Sexton.

## *WEDDINGS*

**OCTOBER**

15—Arthur C. Peterson and Mrs. Helen Wichmann.
17—Ralph W. Gould and Agnes Pollpeter.
19—Marvin Reynolds and Anne Chasky.

**NOVEMBER**

2—Sgt. David W. Cutlip and Loetta Dales.
11—Richard Felber and Lavine Whitehead.

## *FUNERALS*

**OCTOBER**

18—Abner Alton.
20—Mary Blackburn.
21—Lillian Whitman.
23—George Fishkin.
Henriette Thomas.
26—Mrs. Freda Nettlehorst.

**NOVEMBER**

1—Abram Parker.
John P. Rentschler.
2—Mrs. Georgien A. Church.
7—Mrs. Loretta Dumont.
Wm. A. Von Ketel.
8—Harry E. Petit.
11—Herman Wiehl.
13—Mrs. Josephine M. Lerch.
Rose Carrion.

**The Following New Members Were Welcomed into the Church on Sunday, November 5th, 1944:**

Mrs. Charles O. Crane.
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Falkinburg.
Mrs. Lillian H. Field.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Karp.
Mrs. Marie Kundert.
Mrs. Lydia Lynch.
Mr. and Mrs. Alan A. Miller.
Mr. William Poulsen.
Miss Wren Samples.
Mrs. Helen Smiekel.
Miss Mildred Smith.
Mr. and Mrs. James N. Speer.
Mrs. Daniel Webster.
Miss Patricia Jean Webster.

# AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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# THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

*Center of Allied Arts*

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN, *Director*

1219 N. LaSalle Street Whitehall 5257

✦

## December Production

## "THE TAMING OF THE SHREW"

William Shakespeare

**Every Friday and Saturday—8:30 p.m.**

**Opening performance, Friday, December 1st**

✦

Book Lecture by DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

at The Uptown Players Center

Tuesday evening, December 12th—8:00 o'clock

"STRANGE FRUIT" by Lillian Smith

✦

Annual Christmas Play by The Uptown Players

to be given at

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

"CHRISTMAS CAROL"

Charles Dickens

*(following the Annual Candle Light Service)*

Sunday evening, Dec. 17th—7:30 o'clock
Wednesday evening, Dec. 20th—8:00 o'clock
Thursday evening, Dec. 21st—8:00 o'clock

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director of The Uptown Players, will play the part of "Scrooge"

# Honor Roll

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Cpl. Howard Wentz
Lt. Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
*Lt. George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
*H. John Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Cpl. Wendell Estal
Winslow Heg
Maj. Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
Maj. James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
Sgt. William F. Hobbs
Duane R. Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
Sgt. William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick
Cpl. Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Lt. Carroll D. York
Robert Hannum

J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnorr
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
L. C. Rowley
Robert J. Hansen
Clyde F. Bower
Edward P. Brosious
Donald W. Brosious
Tom Henderson
J. Bryant Shoberg
Daniel Arthur Needham
Arthur Quesnall
David Ettelson
George Felch
Virgil Drew Widener
G. Andrey
William Henderson
William H. Parlette
Capt. Andrew Haban
John H. Hagen
Lawrence Johnson
Cpl. James Kosner
William James Walters
Wayne P. Blue
Martin Sauser
William Sauser
Florence M. Moore
Edward Paschal
Robert Weeger
Ruth Leffler
Harry G. Nelson
George G. Eddy, Jr.
Tommy Bartlett
William James Walters
Elmer M. Wiederer
Marie Tilles
Robert H. Wiggins
Lt. Robert L. Eldred
Charles Paige
Harry DuMont
Sgt. Clee S. Post
Lt. Fred H. Kreutzer
Tom Lee Woods
Stf. Sgt. Geo. F. Arms
Raymond Mostek
Robert E. Poquette
Walter Scott Sexton
Sgt. Roy O. Lawson
Gerhard Wegner
Andrew C. Wilson
Bruce W. Vespermann
Carl W. Voigtritter
Philip R. Strand
Capt. Donald Yous
Richard Miller
Sgt. James W. Buchanan
Jean Thompson
2nd Lt. Pauline M. Plummer, R. N.
Marvin I. Edelhart
Frank M. Shurman
Betty Best Hurley
Robert Wood, Jr.
Thomas Wood, Jr.
John Hendrich

Rudolph Lichtenebert
Charles Wesche, Jr.
Orville Wesche
Winifred Klippel
Jim Phillips
Sgt. William R. Hurley
Robert C. Stippe
June Blair Lauletta
Fred H. Goetz, Jr.
Stanley Kredler
R. B. Byron
Henry Pfaff, Jr.
James R. Victorin
Daniel Jack Woods
Sidney Weinberg
Mark Alan Miles
Cpl. Harold W. Hoots
Carl Leonard Fishman
June Fuss
Betty Philbrick
E. J. Wilkins
Leslie Merrill
Earl Palmer
James M. Woods, Jr.
Betty Droth
Harold Anderson
W. Ross Williamson
Noel Dudley Gregg
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Robert Osterberg
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Theodore Gaillard Thomas
Foster Wagner
Rosalie M. Carlton
William A. Lehnert

*Killed in action. **Reported missing at sea.

## PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD) ..... 11:00 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not Broadcast) ..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall... 9:30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES ..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday evening Church Auditorium. 7:30 p.m.

RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday in Anderson Hall....9:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, Dec. 4th, Anderson Hall, Peoples Church.. 1:00 p.m.
Donation Tea, Mrs. Preston Bradley, Chairman. Admission by gift to the Bazaar. Excellent Program: Reynold Leiva, concert violinist; J. Bradley-Griffin, Dramatic Recitalist and other artists.

Thursday and Friday, Dec. 7th and 8th, Anderson Hall, all of both days and evenings—ANNUAL CHURCH BAZAAR—Luncheon and Dinner served both days. Luncheon from 11:30 a.m.; dinner from 6:00 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 18th, Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.
Christmas Party, Mrs. George Bassler, Chrmn. Carols. Grab-Bag. Dramatic Presentation of Ancient and Modern Christmas Observances by Jerry Schmal.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, Dec. 4th Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.
Donation Party, Mrs. Alice Pearson, Chrmn. Admission by gift to bazaar.

Thursday and Friday, Dec. 7th and 8th, Annual Church Bazaar. Mrs. Alice Pearson, Chrmn. Business Woman's Booth, assisted by Miss Dorothy Young and committee.

Monday, Dec. 18th, Anderson Hall ..... 8:30 p.m.
Mary Bartelme Christmas Party, honoring Guests of Lakewood House; Miss Grace Rozanski and Mrs. Jane Jones, Chairmen.

MEN'S CLUB—Fourth Monday of each month, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.
Program to be announced. J. A. Ericksen, Sec., 2223 W. Eastwood Ave.

USHERS' CLUB—Every other Thursday night of each month, Anderson Hall, Sec., Wm. Emrich, Ard. 4462 ..... 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257. (See Special Schedule, page 22 of this issue.)

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**THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.**

***Time of Service 11:00 A.M.***

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

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